

A timely dose of Schenck's Mandrake Pills is sure to prevent an attack of biliousness when a short neglect of the warning symptoms may develop a serious case of fever, either bilious, intermittent or typhoid.

Schenck's Mandrake Pills remove all causes of biliousness, promptly start the secretions of the liver, and give a healthy tone to the entire system. It is no ordinary discovery in medical science to have found a harmless cure for this stubborn complaint, which accomplishes all the results heretofore produced by a free use of calomel, a mineral justly dreaded by mankind, and acknowledged to be destructive in the extreme to the human system.

These pills open the bowels and correct all bilious derangements without salivation or any of the injurious effects of calomel or other poisons. The secretion of bile is regulated as will be seen by the altered color of the stools, the disappearance of the sallow complexion and the cleansing of the tongue.

Ample directions for use accompany each box of pills. Prepared only by J. H. Schenck & Son, at their principal office, cor. Sixth and Arch streets, Philadelphia. Price 25 cents per box.

For sale by all druggists and dealers. April

RAILROADS.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

November 5th, 1877.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG AS FOLLOWS

For New York, at 5.20, 8.10 a. m., 2.00 p. m., and 7.55 p. m. For Philadelphia, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m., and 3.57 p. m. For Reading, at 5.20, 8.10, 9.45 a. m., and 2.00, 3.57 and 7.55 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

For New York, at 5.20 a. m. For Allentown and Way Stations at 5.20 a. m. For Reading, Philadelphia and Way Stations at 1.45 p. m.

TRAINS FOR HARRISBURG, LEAVE AS FOLLOWS:

Leave New York, at 8.45 a. m., 1.00, 5.30 and 7.45 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 9.15 a. m., 3.40, and 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 14.40, 7.40, 11.20 a. m., 1.30, 6.15 and 10.35 p. m.

SUNDAYS:

Leave New York, at 5.30 p. m. Leave Philadelphia, at 7.20 p. m. Leave Reading, at 4.40, 7.40, a. m. and 10.35 p. m.

Pennsylvania R. R. Time Table.

NEWPORT STATION.

On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, Passenger trains will run as follows:

EAST.

Mifflintown Acc. 7.32 a. m., daily except Sunday. Johnstown Ex. 12.22 p. m., daily. Sunday Mail, 6.54 p. m., daily except Sunday.

WEST.

Way Pass, 9.08 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.42 p. m., daily except Sunday.

DUNCANNON STATION.

On and after Monday, June 25th, 1877, trains will leave Duncannon, as follows:

EASTWARD.

Way Passenger, 8.32 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.09 p. m., daily except Sunday.

WESTWARD.

Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 a. m. Johnstown Ex. 12.53 p. m., daily except Sunday.

WESTWARD.

Way Passenger, 8.32 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.09 p. m., daily except Sunday.

WESTWARD.

Mifflintown Acc. daily except Sunday at 8.12 a. m. Johnstown Ex. 12.53 p. m., daily except Sunday.

WESTWARD.

Way Passenger, 8.32 a. m., daily. Mail, 2.09 p. m., daily except Sunday.

WESTWARD.

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TAKE THE PLEDGE JUST NOW.

BY J. K. RIDD.

Melody—Hold the Fort.

There are loving, weeping children, Hoping for the day, When the father yet will throw, the Pois'ning cup away.

CHORUS.

Take the pledge, delay no longer— Make a solemn vow, Leave the cup, and flee from danger, Take the pledge just now.

Daily suffer'ing cold and hunger, Wretchedness is theirs, They are dress'd in scanty clothing, They are drunkard's heirs.—Chor.

Father—now a bar-room lounge, Poverty they know; Mis'ry sad is their companion, Causing tears to flow.—Chor.

And the broken-hearted mother, Sunk in deep despair, For the father of her children, Offers up her pray'r.—Chor.

While in sorrow she is pleading, Bleeding at the heart, All her faith has nearly vanished, Hope will soon depart.—Chor.

For her ragged starving offspring, Pledges of her love, On her bended knees she's praying, To her God above.—Chor.

And the angels look with pity, On the mother's grief, May the Great Almighty Father, Send her true relief.—Chor.

Look! relief is now approaching, Here's the temp'rance band, Gath'ring round the fallen drunkard, Soon erect he'll stand.—Chor.

See the happy wife and children, Smiling gladly now, As the husband and the father, Takes the temp'rance vow.—Chor.

Unto God we'll raise our voices, Joyfully in song, With our songs and pray'r shall mingle, All to God belong.—Chor.

How Marion got his Rifles.

THE close of the year 1780 was a sad year for America. The British held the country from Charleston to the upper Santee, and in order to complete their conquest, had established a chain of posts through the State, each of which was strongly fortified and defended by a good garrison.

The favorite rendezvous of Marion was at Snow Island. This is a piece of high river swamp, as it is called in the Carolinas, and was surrounded on the three sides by water, so as to be almost impregnable. Here Marion had his camp. From this fastness he issued forth at pleasure to range the enemies' granaries, or capture a straggling party of his troops.

In the city of Charleston, the despotism of the British was at its height; the proud-spirited people of that capital were held down by a grinding tyranny. Many of them were still open and uncompromising in their hostility to the English, while others, thinking they could best serve the cause in that way, affected a sery submission to the conquerors, and were seemingly the most loyal of all King George's subjects.

One of these persons was a lady of fine social position and great wealth. Indeed, there were few persons in all Charleston over whose submission to the crown the British were more elated than they were over that of Mrs. Annie Garden. She was a young and beautiful widow, just twenty-five, and for several years had been the standing toast of beaux of the Carolinas.

When the British took the city, she was one of the first to submit to the king, and since her house had been the favorite gathering place of the redcoat gentry. Many of Mrs. Garden's friends, who were staunch patriots to the last, cut her acquaintance and shook their heads in silent indignation when her name was mentioned and when they dared speak at all it was only to condemn the widow's treachery.

While Marion was creating so great an excitement beyond the gates of Charleston, Mrs. Garden resolved to give a ball. Preparations were made on an extensive scale, and the loyal element of

the city was in high feather. The splendid mansion of the young widow was dressed with flowers from cellar to garret, and blazed with lights on the evening appointed for the assembly, while the band of the garrison discoursed sweet music to the assembled crowd.

The entertainment was at its height, when the crowd near the door suddenly parted, and a young man came forward hurriedly. He was tall and splendidly formed, and carried himself erect with a proud, martial air. He was dressed in the uniform of the tory legion, and his general appearance was that of a man who had ridden far and hard during the day.

"What are you doing here?" she asked hurriedly.

"You will see," he answered in a low tone. "Only, for Heaven's sake, swear black and blue to what I may say!" Then he added, calmly, and in a loud tone: "You see, my dear cousin, I have come back to my allegiance."

"I am delighted to see it," she replied warmly, taking the hint at once. "I never thought your heart would cling to the rebel cause."

"Faith," he said laughing, "if my heart had clung to it, my stomach would have driven me from it. I am not fond of starving, my fair cousin, and King George lives well you know. Hereafter, Thomas Wilson lives and dies a loyal man."

Colonel Watson had been standing by, during this conversation, watching the couple closely. Now he stepped forward to the lady's side.

"Who is this gentleman?" he asked, somewhat sharply. "He seems wonderfully familiar."

"Oh," replied the lady, laughing, "he is my cousin, Lieutenant Thomas Wilson, and, as you will perceive, is in his majesty's service."

"You seem rather careless of your dress, considering the occasion, sir," said the colonel, tartly. He was annoyed at the great interest which the lady had shown to the newcomer.

"My business must be my excuse, colonel," said the young man, respectfully. "I am the bearer of a letter from Major Gainey, and my orders are to lose no time in delivering it. I have ridden hard all day, sir, and upon reaching your headquarters, learned of your presence here. This lady being my cousin, I felt no hesitation in coming here at once, trusting for pardon to the urgency of my mission."

As he spoke he handed the colonel a sealed letter. Watson took it hastily and broke the seal. He read it while a smile of satisfaction overspread his features.

"This is very good," he said, gleefully. Gainey is picking up recruits by the hundreds. Wants four hundred rifles, fifty sabres and some ammunition at once. Will I send them? To be sure I will. Have you a wagon, lieutenant?"

"No, sir," replied the young man, "Major Gainey was afraid to send them down. There's no knowing when or where one may meet that cursed Swamp Fox and his sneaking cut-throats."

"Very good," said the colonel. "I'll furnish you with four wagons, and a guard of fifty mounted men. You will start at sunrise in the morning, lieutenant. Call at my quarters at midnight, and you shall have the necessary orders. Now, sir, you had better take a rest, as you will need it."

"First let me offer him some refreshments," said the widow. "He is tired and hungry, I know, and no guest must leave my house in such a state."

"Return quickly, then," said the colonel. "I shall be miserable while you are gone."

The young man offered his arm to the lady, and they left the ball-room; but instead of going to the dining-room she led him direct to her chamber, and then locking the door, said anxiously:

"For Heaven's sake, Charles, what is the meaning of this?"

The young man did not answer verbally, but catching her to his breast, kissed her passionately; and, to be frank the young widow did not resist him.

"It means," he said at last, in reply to her repeated question, "that we want arms, and I have come for them."

What else they said matters not now; but before they separated Mrs. Garden seemed very well satisfied with the young man's explanation. They then repaired to the supper-room, where the lieutenant found ample refreshments, and the lady returned to the ball-room, where Colonel Watson was impatiently awaiting her.

At midnight the lieutenant called at the headquarters, and faithful to his promise Colonel Watson was there. The necessary orders for the delivery of the arms and ammunition and wagons to lieutenant Thomas Wilson, of the "loyal legion," was made out, and the colonel also placed in the young man's hand a sealed letter of instructions to

Major Gainey. The rest of the night was spent in procuring the desired articles, and at sunrise the next morning Lieutenant Wilson, with his wagons and their contents, escorted by a guard of fifty men, set out for the "High Hills of Santee," where the tory major's headquarters were located.

The wagons and their escort made good time, and by sunset were forty miles from Charleston. The sun was scarcely half an hour high when Lieutenant Wilson ordered a halt for the purpose of camping for the night. The mounted men fastened their horses to the trees, and, removing their saddles, prepared to cook their evening meal; the teams were unhitched from the wagons, and the command busied themselves in preparing for a comfortable night.

Every one was busy, and no one noticed that while these arrangements were in progress Lieutenant Wilson had drawn off from his party, and disappeared in the woods that bordered the road. Suddenly there was a crackling in the brush-wood, which caused the British troopers to spring to their feet in alarm. As they did so, a voice, which sounded not unlike that of the young lieutenant, shouted loudly:

"Surrender, or you are all dead men!"

General Marion secured his prisoners, together with the arms, ammunition, wagons and horses; and set out, after a rest of a few hours, for Snow Island. At the request of the bogus Lieutenant Wilson, he sent back one of the redcoats to Charleston with a note to Colonel Watson, informing him of the trick that had been played on him by the lieutenant, who, so far from being a lieutenant in the tory legion, was none other than the famous Charles Hampton, a captain in Marion's brigade who had planned and carried out the plan so successfully—thanking the colonel for the excellent weapons and other material he had sent him, and promising to do good service with them.

The British commander was furious when he read the note and saw the hoax of which he had been made the victim. He went in haste to Mrs. Garden, but the fair widow had sailed for England. He was compelled to swallow his mortification in silence, and a few years later when the war was over, his chagrin was not a little increased by the tidings which reached him, that Mrs. Garden had married the young officer who had tricked him out of his rifles.

A Little Lesson.

WE ought not to complain too bitterly or to be too much disheartened at the misfortunes that may befall us, as we never can be sure that the events, however apparently untoward, may not turn out to be no misfortunes at all in the end. This principle is well illustrated by the following case:

A seaman on board a man-of-war had both his legs broken by the bursting of a bomb on the decks in the midst of a battle. He was taken below, and his case was soon examined by the surgeon. The surgeon decided that the left one was so badly fractured that it must come off. The next morning, being occupied himself with the cases of some of the officers, he sent two of his assistants to perform the amputation. They, somehow or other, made a mistake, and took off the right leg—which in this case was the wrong one.

The surgeon, when he came to see what had been done, was much incensed against the assistants, as was also the seaman himself. The latter, however, declared that he would not submit to another amputation, but would take his chance with the wreck that remained to him, and live or die as fate might determine.

Contrary to the surgeon's predictions, he got well. The left leg recovered and became as serviceable as ever. He had a wooden leg made to replace the other.

Sometime afterward he was in another battle. A shot came from the enemy's ship, and, sweeping the deck, struck our seaman and took off—his wooden leg. He seized hold of the capstan to steady himself, and as soon as he had recovered a little from the shock, and the astonishment of seeing the splinters of his wooden limb flying over the side, he snapped his fingers, saying:

"How lucky it is for me now that those blundering fellows took off the leg they did! For if they had taken off the other one I should not now have any leg at all!"

The Constable who "Tended to Goats."

YESTERDAY afternoon a young girl about sixteen years old, came into Justice Knox's court, and walking boldly to the desk woke up the court with: "Say, where's the policeman who tends to goats?"

She was informed that no special functionary was kept for that purpose.

"Well, Judge, I've kept a pet goat now for over a year, and a few minutes ago it fell down an old shaft up on the side of Mount Davidson. I don't know how far it went down, for the place is all weeds. It may be 600 feet deep or it

may not. What I want is a policeman to pull the goat out."

Deputy Constable Boother, with his accustomed gallantry, proffered his services. About half an hour later the girl rushed in, considerably excited, and said she must have a policeman right away to get the deputy constable out of the shaft. Capt. Bryne, Constable Walker and Justice Knox flew to the spot. Upon the side of the mountain near David street they found the Deputy Constable in an old prospect hole, about ten feet deep. He was up to his knees in mud, and it was only after great trouble that he was extricated. His account of the affair is given in his own language:

"I got up here and found the hole and knelt over the edge to look for the goat. I found the goat, or rather it found me, for the first thing I knew he struck me square in the rear. I went in head first into the mud, sagebrush and rocks, and when I looked up there was the goat standing at the edge of the hole threatenin' to jump on top of me. Then there was the girl grinnin' at me alongside the goat. You see the animal crawled out of the hole and came along again just as I was lookin' over. Or else the thing never fell in at all, and the girl put the job up on me."

The last seen of the girl by the reporter was about an hour later, when she had about two dozen of the neighbors around her, telling them of the occurrence. They seemed to enjoy it.—Virginia Enterprise.

"I Did as the Rest."

This tame, yielding spirit, this doing "as the rest did," has ruined thousands.

A young man is invited by vicious companions to visit the theatre, or gambling room, or other haunts of licentiousness. He becomes dissipated, spends his time, loses his credit, squanders his property, and at last sinks into an untimely grave. What has ruined him? Simply "doing what the rest did."

A father has a family of sons. He is wealthy. Other children in the same situation in life do so and so; are indulged in this thing and that. He indulges his own in the same way. They grow idlers, triflers and fops. The father wonders why his children do not succeed better. He has spent so much money on their education—has given them such great advantages; but alas! they are only a source of vexation and trouble. Poor man! he is just paying the penalty of "doing as the rest did."

This poor mother tries hard to bring up her daughters genteelly. They learn what others do, to paint, to sing, to dance, and several useful matters. In time, they marry, their husbands are unable to support their extravagance, and they are soon reduced to poverty and wretchedness. The good woman is astonished. "Truly," says she, "I did as the rest did."

The sinner, following the example of others, puts off repentance, and neglects to prepare for death. He passes along through life, till, unawares, death strikes the fatal blow. He has no time left now to prepare. And he goes down to destruction because he was so foolish as to "do as the rest did."

Japanese Children.

One of the first lessons presented to a foreign teacher in Japan is the reason of the great apparent happiness and light heartedness of Japan children. One may walk for hours through the streets of Tokio and scarcely ever hear a child's cry of distress. Four principal causes of this superiority of the children of Japan over those of other nations have been suggested by an English lady resident there. They are worthy of the attention of the teachers at home. The style of clothing, loose and yet warm, is far more comfortable than the dress of our children. Japanese children are much more out in the open air and sunshine. The absence of furniture, and, therefore, absence of repeatedly given instructions "not to touch." The thick, soft matting, forming at once the carpet and beds of all Japanese houses, and the raised lintel on to which the children may clamber, as they grow strong, constitutes the very beau ideal of an infant's play-ground.

Children in Japan are much petted without being capriciously thwarted. A child is not cuffed one minute and indulged the next. To these four most suggestive reasons the writer can add a fifth, which is, that Japanese character is so constituted as to bring their elders into strong sympathy with the little ones. It has been well said that "Japan is a paradise for babies," for you may well see old and young playing together at the battle-door and shuttle-cock in the streets; while on holidays the national amusement of men, women and children is flying huge paper kites. Puppet shows and masquerades also have their votaries in thousands from among both sexes and ages.

Smythe compares his girl's chignon to a large bell knob. Well, take hold of it, and pull the bells.

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REMOVAL.

The undersigned has removed his Leather and Harness Store

from Front to High Street, near the Penna., Freight Depot, where he will have on hand, and will sell at

REDUCED PRICES. Leather and Harness of all kinds. Having good workmen, and by buying at the lowest cash prices, I fear no competition.

Market prices paid in cash for Bark, Hides and Skins. Thankful for past favors, I solicit a continuance of the same.

P. S.—Blankets, Robes, and Shoe Bindings made a speciality.

JOS. M. HAWLEY.

Duncannon, July 19, 1876.—17

ESTATE NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of Daniel Shatto, late of Carroll township, Perry county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to the undersigned residing in the same township.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement to

GEO. W. SMILEY, Administrator.

December 18, 1877.

CHAR. H. SMILEY, Attorney for Adm'r.

OPIMUM and Morphine Habit absolutely and speedily cured. Failure is no quality. No stamp for parties. Dr. Cassen, 125 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.